

## Wretched

### "Mephisto's Will"

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All of the elements are filled with black, consuming my body.

My preceding visions fade to white and that's when I hear shrieks.

I smell fire engulfing all of those slain before me, with their souls slashed apart.

The weaker discarded, towering above I feel their feet brush my hair.

Virgins grinning slightly as they crawl across the molten fields dripping with sweat, bringing rotting phalluses near.

Here to satiate you as you're hemorrhaging.

Set forth almighty futures.

Release your almighty sin.

The falling of the sky barely tells the end is near.

Mephisto murmurs in my ear:

"Light has fallen my child.

A new day is dawning, as I'm ever spawning serpents that slip down my legs."

Barely brought back to life.

Visuals of the supreme dimly lit in bearing my assassin, as I fall into truth.

Frustration sets in while I'm forced into this escalation.

I'm slipping away into a distant reality, where my sights stretch higher than the clouds of God.

Disgusted by this constant trepidation, I kneel upon  
these golden steps to heave.

Christ calls "Behold! My crown is dawn!" while the  
angels flock the skies that burn.

Wrath.

[Solo: Funderburk]

How unexpectedly, swaggering in my invincibility.

Laid on the fall of this retribution in the deficient city, I  
stand hard.

Emerging from those luscious pearly gates, saint Peter  
begins to cackle,

"Inside you're nothing."

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